

THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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THE SHAWL BUYER.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

BRANCHING off from one of those wide, leading, evercrowded streets, which are aptly called the arteries of the metropolis, is a certain insignificant turning, which, not even boasting itself as a thoroughfare, is seldom remarked by the hurried pedestrian, unless he have business in one of the half dozen dull, dingy looking houses which rise on each side of the avenue. Yet at one corner, with windows embracing both sides of the house, is a certain shop, which may be called linen-dra-per's, hosier's, or, if you will, an outfitting ware-house—so varied and crowded does the merchandise seem. Perhaps, however, my readers will better understand the description if I call it a *ticketing shop*. Yes, there are doubtless at this moment suspended the Brobdignag tickets, expressive of shillings, accompanied by microscopic pence; while ribbons, gloves, and other trifling wares, are placed temptingly forward, decorated with legible inky intimations of pence, which on a nearer inspection one finds incumbered with mystical figures, traced as it appears by an HH. pencil, and signifying three farthings. The shop door faces the great thoroughfare; the private door is in the narrow, unfrequented street. The latter is but little used; and on the step of it, on a certain day in October, were seated two meanly clad women. Both were apparently in abject poverty—nay, they might be mendicants—for aught the passer-by could tell; yet if he paused a moment

and his eyes had the privilege of direct communication with his understanding, he would feel assured that they were very different beings. Companions, associates, they might be, and were, the strange fellow-laborers which adversity yokes together; but this was all.

The younger of the two, who looked about five and thirty years of age, and whose tattered apparel was black, was weeping bitterly, and rocking to and fro on the cold stone in her anguish. The countenance of the other seemed one that had been distorted by many a violent passion; and, moreover, was not unused to the debasing influence of intemperance.

"Mary Morris," said the latter, addressing her companion, "I wonder you can be such a fool—to grieve about one of them rich people! Let them sicken, and die; what should we care? For my part, I like to see them suffer, and know they are miserable; it's a comfort, that it is."

"Oh, Hannah, don't talk so," said the other, through her tears.

"But I shall talk so. Don't they grind us down to what we are? You say, it is the shop-keepers, and that the ladies know nothing about the price we get. I say they ought to know."

"They don't think."

"But they ought to think."

"Well, Hannah, don't let us quarrel."

"That is what you always say when you are

crying and moping. Only yesterday, said I to myself, she's getting over Nancy's death; and though we may be next door to starving, we sha'n't have crying and wailing from morning to night."

"Getting over Nancy's death! Oh, God, have mercy!" And the wretched, childless widow raised her thin hands and streaming eyes to heaven. "Oh God, have mercy!" she continued, "though unworthy am I to ask it."

"Well," returned the other, "I think we had better go home—such a home as it is:—two chairs, and an empty cupboard; three sticks and a handful of cinders; two cups and a broken teapot; a kettle without a handle; two forks and one knife:—that's all, isn't it?"

"You forget the bed—her gift."

"Well, it was a bed which we were not used to, that made us oversleep ourselves, and so lose a day's work."

"Cruel!" murmured the widow—"because we were five minutes beyond the hour. But does it not prove," she continued, in a firmer voice, "that the customers know nothing of the pay we get; because it must be to avoid our seeing them, that they give out the work before eight o'clock."

"If it had not been for our coming this afternoon to see if they'd advance us a shilling on next week's work," muttered the elder woman, "you'd never have known who bought the shawl—I am sure I wish you didn't."

"Oh, Hannah!" said the widow Morris, "be human—be what you were five years ago, when first I knew you, or, when long after that, you and I and my blessed child, first made one room our home."

"Now, don't preach."

"I would rather atone."

Very different was the scene that might have been witnessed only half a dozen streets distant from that cold damp step, where the shivering women held their strange discourse. A party of three—father, mother, and daughter—had just finished dinner; and though twilight was now fast deepening into night, they had not asked for candles, but were content with the cheering rays of a bright fire, which, as almost the first fire of the season, was doubly enjoyable. They were something better than a merry trio—they were a happy one; the clouds of adversity which for three years had darkened the world to them, had lately passed away, and now, with grateful hearts, made better and wiser, they basked once more in the sunshine of prosperity, and tasted its sweets, as those only who have known suffering can do. Mr. Greville was a merchant, who, from the unprincipled conduct of his partner, had been reduced, three years before, from affluence to a penurious condition. Yet he had had enough to pay all claimants, so that his honor was unscathed; and my sketch from life has nothing more to do with the struggles which followed, than to paint their effect upon character. Though there was little probability that he would ever again be a rich man, there was a rational prospect of ease and competence; and one of the invaluable lessons he and his family had learned, was to be more than content with such a lot. His domestic happiness, too, was complete; for Lucy, his only

child, was about to wed one every way worthy of her, and who, having been tried by adversity, had not been found wanting.

"It certainly is very delightful," said Lucy, seating herself on a low stool, and leaning her head against her mother's knee, "quite a luxury, once again to have my long mornings to myself, to read, or work, or write, or, best of all, practise myself, instead of counting one, two, three, to dull children, and suffer the torture of wrong notes and faulty time. But all this for the best; I should never have felt it to be a luxury if I had not fagged as a music teacher in the manner I have done. So do not draw a long face, dear papa; I am a great deal wiser and better, and consequently happier, for all that has happened. Though, I suppose, I ought not to be happy to-day, for I have had my first quarrel with Edward."

"Not a very serious one, I think," said Mr. Greville, "or you would not smile about it."

"I hope not," replied the mother, anxiously, "for I always warned you to keep off the first quarrel."

"Dear mamma," said Lucy, pressing her hand, "as if we could really quarrel! The truth is, now that there is no actual necessity for it, Edward disapproves of my walking out by myself; and though I tried to make him understand the sure protection of a shabby dress and old-fashioned bonnet, he only answered, that he disapproved of them also. Now, though I have not quite given in, we have come to a compromise; I have promised never to go out alone, unless there be a real necessity for my doing so, and he has magnanimously left it to my own conscience to decide whether there be such a necessity or not."

"Edward is quite right, my child."

"Perhaps he is; but after having taught myself, and not easily, to feel independent, I seem to have lost my liberty. The worst of it is, this point of conscience is more binding than a fixed rule; for instance, I wished very much to go and see the poor widow Morris, this morning, but I could not prove to my conscience that the visit was one of necessity."

"I want to know more about this poor woman," said Mrs. Greville. "I hope, my dear Lucy, you have not been wasting your time, and sympathy, and money, upon an impostor."

"Little have I had of the last to bestow, and my sympathy I could not withhold. That she is not one of those faultless heroines of humble life, which are found, I suspect, only in novels, I admit; and if we, dear mother, had never known trouble ourselves, I dare say my heart would have hardened against her, when I found out she was no such pattern of perfection."

"I can hardly fancy," said Mr. Greville, smiling, "that it is my Lucy, not three and twenty till Christmas, talking so like a philosopher."

"Better smile than frown, *mio padre*; and if you will promise not to call me *blue*, when I talk from my heart at home, I give you my word I will discourse glibly in society on the last new novel, the favorite dancer, the elegance of Louis Quatorze furniture, Berlin woolwork, and, when the Exhibitions open, of any or all the pictures to be found in the Catalogues."

"Although you are no artist?"

"Certainly, for these are considered lady-like topics; and though I start, and almost shudder, at hearing the daring and opinionated manner in which the utter ignorant and inexperienced talk of *Art*, without their seeming to guess at the subtle genius and tedious labor of the *artist*, I observe there is a by-law of society, which forbids a lady conversing on many much simpler matters, under the penalty of being called Blue."

"Pray what do you call simpler matters, my little enthusiast?"

"What you call me, papa, a little philosopher for talking about, but which seem to me simple truths, discoverable by almost involuntary observation and reflection. Not, I dare say, that I should ever have observed or thought, had I continued the rich merchant's daughter—or at least have not observed or thought of the same things. For instance, had I not twice a-week, all the spring and summer, left home at eight o'clock, I should not have met each morning the poor widow Morris, and so could not have observed how she grew thinner and thinner, and shabbier and shabbier; and so could not have *thought*, when I saw her (after missing her for a fortnight) in tattered black, and weeping bitterly, that she was in some sore affliction; and thus could never have spoken to her, and learned her history."

"I always thought her very wrong," said Mrs. Greville, "to suffer you to enter her wretched hovel, only one day after her child, having died of small-pox, had been taken from it."

"It was wrong, mamma," returned Lucy; "and when I discovered of what disease the child had died, though it was not till weeks afterward, I told her frankly—almost severely—of her error. There was no denial—no defence on her part; but, for the first time, I perceived the marked difference between herself and the woman who shares her wretched room. No change passed over the face of the latter, unless indeed it were not a fancy of mine that she rather smiled than otherwise, as she bent over her work. On the contrary, poor Morris trembled and wept, as if some new feeling were awakened in her heart, or as if a ray of light had streamed upon her dark mind. Since then —"

Here Miss Greville was interrupted by a servant who entered, saying, "A poor woman, named Morris, begged leave to speak to her."

"How very strange!" cried Lucy,—"I never gave her our address."

"Let her come in," said Mr. Greville,—and in another minute the unhappy widow stood before them. Paler she was than ever, and either she was grown still thinner, and so looked taller; or it might be her tattered mourning hung each day closer and closer, or perhaps some innate consciousness of acting rightly made her figure more erect; and certainly she possessed a composure and dignity of manner which sensibly interested both Mr. and Mrs. Greville. Yet when she began to speak, composure seemed gone, for her words were scarcely articulate.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Greville kindly; "you are, I think, the person for whom my daughter feels very much interested?" And while the lady spoke, her husband poured out a glass of wine for the now trembling widow. The word and

act of kindness loosened the floodgates of her soul—tears came to her relief—and in a few moments she was able to tell her story with some degree of distinctness.

"You, my lady," said Mary Morris, addressing Lucy in the style which the very humble, to lady or no lady, usually adopt—"you have often listened to my complainings till the tears started to your bright eyes; and indeed—indeed—I would not risk calling them there again, were it not that what I have to tell concerns you."

"What can be the matter? You alarm me," interrupted Mrs. Greville.

"Under Heaven the danger is over," continued the widow solemnly. "I sometimes wonder if I have done right in telling her a story of such misery and abject want as mine. Yet that is past—she has learnt how I sank from being a respectable servant, step by step, to the wretched, friendless creature I am. Forgive me for saying friendless," she proceeded, turning again to Lucy, "I shall be so again, and feel as if I were already. My marriage ten years ago was against the advice of those who knew better than myself; and when I found out that my husband was worthless, a sort of shame kept me away from all my old associates. But human beings cannot live alone in a great city; and from shrinking from his acquaintances as at first I did, in time I grew to tolerate them. This was my great error. No wonder that when the hour of need came, my early and true friends were disinclined to aid me. They had lost faith in me; and though, thank Heaven, no one deep sin darkens my conscience, a host of circumstances in which I witnessed wrong in others, with scarcely an opposition on my part, crowd my memory to tell me they were right. I am a good needle-woman, and, when my husband died, might have supported my child and myself in comfort and respectability. But there was no one whose word would be taken to speak for me, where I might have procured good work; and wanting daily bread as I did, I gladly accepted the wretched pittance given for what they call slop work. But perhaps, my ladies, you do not know what that is?"

"Indeed they do," said Mr. Greville; "are you not aware that several cases of distress have come to light, in which the hard usage of the employers is so apparent, that the public attention is drawn to the subject, and we must hope some increase of remuneration will be adopted."

"I told her so—I told her so," cried the widow with much feeling. "I told her, if the gentle-folks only knew how shamefully we were paid,—for work as I have done for eighteen hours a day, I could not get more than sevenpence,—they would see us righted. But she always said no; that ladies and gentlemen never bought our sort of work—and that things they did buy, they would have at the cheapest, *without staying to think if it were possible to live by making them*. All this hardened my heart—which I thought had grown dead to every feeling. But it was not dead to kindness—the first that had been shown to me for years. It was a few weeks before my child died, that instead of plain work, I undertook some curious knitting in wool according to a certain pattern. However, the work was so much more tedious than I expected, that the lady

for whom it was ordered made some other purchase instead, which induced the shopkeeper to take it on his own hands. And being a winter article, never till this morning was it unpacked, and exposed in his window for sale."

"Go on," said Lucy, for the widow paused—"go on, I cannot guess what all this leads to."

"Do you remember?" proceeded Mary Morris, in a quivering voice;—"do you remember how you trembled and turned pale, when you first learned my little Nancy had died of small-pox? we had been too poor to pay for her vaccination—and—and—like many others, too idle—too thoughtless to take her where it would have been done for nothing. Do you remember how you reproved me for my negligence, which, perhaps, I should have heeded less, had you not told me that you had an especial dread of the disease, having lost a dear friend by it, who, like yourself, had never been susceptible of the usual preventive? Do you remember how you implored me to destroy every article belonging to the child? Lady—lady—" and the widow's voice rose with her emotion—"lady, the black and crimson knitted shawl you bought this morning was knitted in that infected chamber, and even, from our scarcity of clothing, was wrapped round my dying Nancy!"

"Horrible—horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Greville, starting from her chair. "Lucy—surely, Lucy, you have not worn it?"

"Be calm, dear mother," replied Miss Greville, with tearful eyes—"I have not even touched it, except with my glove."

"Thank God!" murmured Mary Morris.

"It was to be sent home this evening," continued Lucy; "I do not think it is yet come."

"And never will," returned the widow, "every particle is reduced to ashes."

"My poor Morris," said Lucy, touched to the heart, "tell us how you have done this—how you *could* do it."

"You will bear with me, while I tell all my thoughts?" and the poor woman felt that her audience was no indifferent one. "I know not what it may be, but I do know that a cloud has passed over you, and that, young as you are, you have seen sorrow. It was this that made your words go to my heart, for they came from yours; it was this that made you wise, oh! so much wiser than many that are old. It was this that taught me to tell you my griefs, and to own my errors; for the very happy—those who have always been happy—seldom understand sorrow; and it is hard to make them comprehend the temptations of poverty. It was you who taught me to feel human affection again—for I knew that I loved you when I found I rejoiced that your eye was brighter, your cheek more rosy, your step more light, and your voice more cheerful than before. You were leaning on the arm of a handsome gentleman to-day, when I saw you admire, through the window, that very infected shawl; and I knew by the turn of his head that he loved you, and I knew that you would not suffer one to look so, if his love were not allowed. I saw you go into the shop; I saw the shawl taken down; I peered through the door, and knew that you bought it. My heart smote me, but my thoughts were too confused for me to act

at the moment—nor was my conscience thoroughly awakened till afterward. I pictured you sick and suffering. I thought even you might die—or I thought you might rise changed, disfigured, with beauty forever gone—and I thought, would the handsome gentleman love you the same as now?—for lady, dear young lady, such things have been; and the woman who is loved, should cherish her beauty yet more than she who hopes to win a heart. Well, all these thoughts struggling in my mind made me nearly wild. I went to the shopkeeper, and told him the story: he only laughed, until I threatened to relate it to you. I afterward manoeuvred to see the parcel, which was packed and directed, for as I evidently knew you, it never occurred to him that I was ignorant of your address, and so he took no pains to conceal it. On my returning him the four shillings he paid me for the knitting, and the three shillings the material cost, he at last gave it up; and he will tell you a version of the story, taking, no doubt, some credit to himself, and beg you to receive some other article for the pound at which I saw it was priced."

"Your conduct," said Mr. Greville, with emotion, "has in this instance been so admirable, that it extenuates a hundred faults. But, in the abject poverty you describe, how did you procure the sum of seven shillings?"

"I—I—pawnd the bed the dear young lady sent me yesterday."

"But you shall sleep on it to-night," cried Mr. Greville, drawing a sovereign from his purse, "with an easy conscience, and, I trust, a lighter heart than usual."

"It cannot be," said the widow, calmly—"though my heart is lighter, and I am happier than I have been for many years. I feel once more that I may dare to hope to meet my little Nancy in Heaven—and in this world I am resigned to my fate."

"What is it you mean?"

"I must tell you the whole truth—though I did not mean it—or you will misjudge me. Hannah Wilkins and I have parted—indeed, though we rented the room between us, the things are all hers. The scraps I had were made away with when poor Nancy lay ill."

"I suppose," said Mr. Greville, with some penetration, "she quarreled with you for parting with the bed?"

The widowed bowed her head, and tears again gushed forth.

"Whatever present inconvenience may arise to you," continued Mr. Greville, "I rejoice at the separation; for it is evident to me, that your companion has heightened every temptation which has crossed your path, and weakened every good resolution that has arisen in your mind. Above most things, should rich or poor shun such associates. Now that I have learned your story, I recognize you as persons of whom I chanced the other day to hear something. It may be some encouragement for the future, for you to know that even the poor pittance you have been able to earn, has been in consequence of your better character. Her future is easily seen,—she will sink to perfect beggary. But tell me, have you a roof to shelter you?"

"I thought you would have reproached me,"

sobbed the widow—"turned me away from your door. And I am used to anger and upbraidings I never thought I should tell you—I go to-night to ask admission into the workhouse."

"No, no," cried Mr. Greville—"no need for that."

"Suppose," said Lucy, laying her hand kindly on the widow's arm—"suppose you take the sovereign papa has placed before you—recover your bed—hire a clean little room to yourself—and—"

"We will find some oddments to furnish it," said Mrs. Greville, continuing the speech her daughter had hesitated finishing.

"And you shall make me a shawl, precisely like that I bought to-day," exclaimed Lucy; "and for your labor you shall be fairly paid:—this will be a beginning, till we can find more regular work for you."

"I think," said Mrs. Greville, with a smile that made Lucy blush—"I think we alone shall find plenty of work for you between this and Christmas,—for a wedding without new clothes is like—is like—"

"Christmas without plum pudding," said Mr. Greville, impatient for a simile.

"Summer without flowers," cried his more poetical wife.

The widow was too happy for aught save tears, and blessings on her benefactors.

"I wonder," murmured Mr. Greville, after a long pause—"I wonder if, when we cannot be roused to humanity by the knowledge of suffering, it is decreed that we must be *frightened* into it in self-defence? Little he knows, I fear, of the human heart, who has never been tempted!"

Should this sketch from real life meet the eye of a child of toil, of want, of penury, not in vain will it have been committed to paper, if a sentence therein strengthens one good resolve, or loosens one strong chain of habit that binds to evil thoughts or bad example. Not in vain, if it makes him understand that the rich cannot relieve the want they do not know. And oh! not in vain, if it makes some favorite of fortune turn with pitying heart and open hand to the toil-worn and starving. Not too ambitious for a *prayer* is it, that my simple story may be one of the many grains in the heavy balance, to prompt our country's Sages or Senators to plan wisely for their humble, oppressed, but industrious countrywomen, whose ill-repaid, life-wearing toil, has lately been brought to their notice.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME.

DURING those extraordinary times when Nero wanted in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made his approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered all over the city. The sound of

chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets, where senators and women of rank, flamens, gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and highbreeding. In short it was the festival of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject, and tries to conceive what style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could endeavor to match their shrewdness, when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

In the meantime, a scuffle took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot and spoke to him. After inquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learned the name and abode of his master, who was a prætor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and ere long came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story, she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving orders for bringing home the wounded slave, she begged in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends, "because," added she with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele." Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half-blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's thoughts were principally fixed during supper: although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweatmeat where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed anything he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into

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"No, no," cried Mr. Greville—"no need for that."

"Suppose," said Lucy, laying her hand kindly on the widow's arm—"suppose you take the sovereign papa has placed before you—recover your bed—hire a clean little room to yourself—and—"

"We will find some oddments to furnish it," said Mrs. Greville, continuing the speech her daughter had hesitated finishing.

"And you shall make me a shawl, precisely like that I bought to-day," exclaimed Lucy; "and for your labor you shall be fairly paid:—this will be a beginning, till we can find more regular work for you."

"I think," said Mrs. Greville, with a smile that made Lucy blush—"I think we alone shall find plenty of work for you between this and Christmas,—for a wedding without new clothes is like—is like—"

"Christmas without plum pudding," said Mr. Greville, impatient for a simile.

"Summer without flowers," cried his more poetical wife.

The widow was too happy for aught save tears, and blessings on her benefactors.

"I wonder," murmured Mr. Greville, after a long pause—"I wonder if, when we cannot be roused to humanity by the knowledge of suffering, it is decreed that we must be frightened into it in self-defence? Little he knows, I fear, of the human heart, who has never been tempted!"

Should this sketch from real life meet the eye of a child of toil, of want, of penury, not in vain will it have been committed to paper, if a sentence therein strengthens one good resolve, or loosens one strong chain of habit that binds to evil thoughts or bad example. Not in vain, if it makes him understand that the rich cannot relieve the want they do not know. And oh! not in vain, if it makes some favorite of fortune turn with pitying heart and open hand to the toil-worn and starving. Not too ambitious for a prayer is it, that my simple story may be one of the many grains in the heavy balance, to prompt our country's Sages or Senators to plan wisely for their humble, oppressed, but industrious countrywomen, whose ill-repaid, life-wearing toil, has lately been brought to their notice.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME.

DURING those extraordinary times when Nero wanted in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made his approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered all over the city. The sound of

chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets, where senators and women of rank, flamens, gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and highbreeding. In short it was the festival of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject, and tries to conceive what style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could endeavor to match their shrewdness, when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

In the meantime, a scuffle took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot and spoke to him. After inquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learned the name and abode of his master, who was a prætor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and ere long came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story, she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving orders for bringing home the wounded slave, she begged in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends, "because," added she with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele." Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half-blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's thoughts were principally fixed during supper: although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweatmeat where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed anything he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into

a delicious languor, while it penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety prevailed throughout the company. The perfumes which were burned in the chamber, together with the occasional strains of music performed by attendants, operated in producing that luxurious indolence which is averse to any sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought was turned aside by some dexterous pleasantry. No altercation had time to occur before it was solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the prætor were circulated with a liberal hand: and the old senator, from time to time, poured forth unmeaning gallantries without knowing exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor began to perceive the beauty of nonsense, which is almost the only thing that can relax the vigilance of our self-love, and enable us to live harmoniously together.

In the meantime, a great deal of gossip took place among the married women. Nero's conduct was examined with freedom; but more as an object of ridicule than of detestation. The Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously, and lay in wait for any ambiguities of language that might happen to drop from the company. These he regularly followed up with such remarks as implied his adoption of their worst meaning; and he showed an expertness in this exercise, which long practice only could have taught him. Indeed not one sentence escaped from the senator which he did not mould into some equivocal declaration or proposal. The reverend father himself had no suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter were constantly breaking forth from the male part of the company; and therefore he continued slowly bungling forward from one subject to another, while the long chasms between his ideas were filled up and garnished by the centurion at his own discretion. In those days an old senator was considered as the finest butt in the world.

When the party broke up, Agenor came near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of speaking to her, "How long does the festival of Cybele continue?" Any question will serve to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine replied, "Only two days more; but in that time you will see much of the nature of Rome;" and then added with a girlish ignorance of her own feelings, "What a pleasant companion that old senator is; I never spent a night so happily." "Nor I," said Agenor, who knew the reason better.

A servant was waiting at the door of the saloon. Agenor followed him; but instead of being shown down to the street as he expected, he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty. Here was an ivory couch lined with purple; two Etruscan vases full of roses; and a Cupid of Parian marble, by one of the first sculptors in Greece. The paintings were all of an amorous description. Satyrs gambled along the walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very much exposed among the dark recesses of an ancient forest. Agenor endeavored to find out the meaning of his situation but could not. Presently the prætor's wife entered. She took his hand with much cordiality, and said, "My dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention. I cannot let you depart, without some

advice concerning the perils of this bad city; for I perceive you are a stranger. Young men sometimes endeavor to get near the Emperor in public places, in order to see his person. Beware of doing so. It is impossible to say what might happen if you should attract his notice; for his power is absolute, and mischief is always in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladiators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus in the pockets of their companions; nor with Greeks, who are sad imposters. Again, your handsome person may chance to captivate some of our matrons, who love gallantry; but although they should smile on you from their windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation, do not stop to talk with them; otherwise you will be entangled in a thousand scrapes. You will be left in the lurch, while they go to intrigue with some other person. Avoid all this, and come often back to visit me," said the prætor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder: "Be assured I will prove as good a friend as can be met with in Rome."

Agenor was a good deal astonished. Perhaps he would have been at a loss what to say; but the prætor himself was that moment heard lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals, in a state of intoxication. His wife started up, and bade Agenor good night. She then opened a private passage down to the street, and gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile, "Farewell at present; come back to-morrow, and I shall introduce you to the prætor, who is a very worthy man."

When Agenor came away, the streets were still as crowded as ever; but afforded more examples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome. The town which Cato loved was now sadly altered. Every god and every virtue had left the place; and although their temples remained as beautiful as in better times, they were filled with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct of the prætor's wife that night had not seduced him, because he had thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's image engrossed his attention so much that he could scarcely find the house where he meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the fantastic dreams of youth continued hovering around his pillow.

Next morning he took a walk through the town. He viewed the public buildings, the places noted in history, the books of the Sibyls, which he could not understand, and the charming productions of the fine arts, worth all the rest put together. Many a beauteous head, and many a voluptuous form of alabaster, awoke in him the softest feelings of delight; many a groupe of Bacchanals taught him a jovial indifference; and many a picture bore a motto from the songs of Horace, which told him that life is short, and that we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power. Xeno's philosophy had once been his pride; but a softness of heart now crept in upon him, and the feelings of the Stoics died away before other feelings, which rendered him a fitter inhabitant for modern Rome. In the morning he had scrupled about returning to the prætor's house, but now he said, "I must go back to see Phrosine."

In the meantime, as it was yet early in the

forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he found the citizens already placed in thousands along its far-spreading benches, and some of them distinguished by very magnificent attire. The games began. Racers and combatants appeared on the vast arena. Trumpets were sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought from confinement, scattered the dust in their terrific gambols. Blood began to be shed, and acclamations to rise from the populace. The wild animals increased the noise in receiving their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music of applause rung in their ears until they could not hear it any longer.

Agenor grew much interested in these fatal sports. Nevertheless, he fell sometimes into reveries about Phrosine: and in glancing his eye over the long rows of the circus, observed the prætor's wife, attended not only by her husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red nose, and a countenance full of good-natured sensuality, but also by some of the handsome men in Rome.

Agenor thought there was no need of increasing the number. He therefore left the circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been left at home. Fortunately this was the case. He found her watering some plants in an open gallery, and removing such of their leaves as had withered by too powerful a sun. She recognized him with blushes of gladness; and after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing the flowers along with her. These young people found this occupation a very pleasing one. Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths and myrtles; and their words were breathed in a low voice among exhalations of perfume. When Phrosine thought the jars were ill arranged, Agenor transposed them so as to produce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this languishing boy and girl, who had already forgotten all conventional forms of behavior, went, arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden to get more. There, at a basin of marble, which foamed to the brim, they replenished their vessel. Some drops of the spray came dashing on Phrosine's shoulders; and Agenor used the freedom to wipe them off with a corner of her garment. Phrosine submitted with a slight struggle; but all this took place in silence, for the feelings of the parties were by far too serious to suit with jests and compliments. Afterward they leant for a long time, side by side, against the trunk of a chesnut. Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes were fixed on the shadows of branches that played over the sunny ground before them. "Ah! how pleasing is a country life," said Phrosine; "I sometimes wish that I could get leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulia, or some of those delightful provinces, where the ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and where the days are so beautiful, that if a person merely walks about in the open air, it is enough to make him regardless of all other pleasures. I do not like the town, or its inhabitants. Our visitors are so cold-hearted, that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly to them. They laugh at any person who is simple enough to feel attachment even for themselves. Again, there is no peace or security in Rome; for

every one is afraid of being cruelly insulted by the Emperor, or some of his favorites; and their brutality renders so many precautions necessary, that I am inclined more and more to envy the inhabitants of those distant provinces, who are out of its reach. Pray, from what province do you come?" "From no other than Calabria," replied Agenor, "I have a small farm there; but a country life is sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine! if I had not come to Rome, I should never have enjoyed the happiness of being near you; and now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not know what to do with my heart."

"Keep your heart with sufficient care," said Phrosine, blushing, "and it will give you no trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments which have been described by the poets, are no longer to be found in Rome. It is now the fashion to change rapidly from one object of admiration to another, and indeed, never to allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at all. The example of Nero, and his detestable court, has annihilated everything amiable, and left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy, and indifference."

"Then you must seek elsewhere," said Agenor, "for a heart which is worthy of you. Rome, as you describe it, can never be the theatre of your happiness."

"Oh! I could endure it well enough," said Phrosine, "provided I were agreeably situated at home. But the prætor's wife is jealous of the attention I receive from her visitors, and sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness which it is difficult to support. She is still fond of admiration, as you may observe, and imagines that I wish to encroach upon her share."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Agenor. "It is evident she wishes you out of her family."

"But what is worse," said Phrosine, with tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying her hand upon his shoulder, "Would you believe it Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my own uncle, if circumstances should entice him, will not deliver me up to this monster who calls himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed me with particular attention somewhere in public, and has repeatedly inquired about me since. The prætor is at present in favor; but if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there would at once be an end to his farther good fortune, and perhaps to his life."

"Then why, my beautiful Phrosine," said our youth, gently encircling her waist, "why do you remain here to endanger your uncle's life? Would it not be much wiser, and more consistent with your duty, to marry a poor husbandman who adores you, and set out for Calabria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of a charming climate, and never hear of this wicked Emperor any more? Surely this proposal need only be stated, to make you at once perceive its propriety."

"Oh! but my aunt," said Phrosine, sobbing, in great agitation,—"she would not approve of my conduct."

"Nor would you approve of hers, if you knew all the particulars of it," replied Agenor. "Wrap your veil about your head, and we shall get out by the garden door, which opens into some of

the back lanes. A couple of mules can soon be purchased; and in a short time we will be far from Rome."

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, "I cannot go just now."

"Just now is the very best time," replied Agenor. "Every person is at present in the circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer; and neither the prætor nor his wife can return till the games are finished. Come along," said our youth, employing a little gentle violence.

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, weeping and struggling, and gradually allowed herself to be dragged away.

MORAL.

The moral is, that a great deal may be done with young ladies, if they are taken by surprise.

"CALAMITY WELCOME IN DEMERARA."

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THERE was every promise of a fine crop this season in Mr. Bruce's plantation. The coffee-walks had been refreshed by frequent shows, and were screened from the chill north winds; and the fruit looked so well that, as the owner surveyed his groves the day before the gathering began, he flattered himself with the hopes of a crop so much above the average as might clear of some of the debts which began to press heavily upon him.

His daughters remained at his side during the whole of his cheerful season; for Mary had but a faint remembrance, which she wished to revive, of its customs and festivities. The time of crop is less remarkable and less joyous in a coffee than a sugar plantation; but there is much in both to engage the eye and interest the heart. The sugar crop had been got in three months before, and Mary had then visited the Mitchelsons, and seen how marvelously the appearance of the working population, both man and beast, had improved in a very short time. Horses, oxen, mules, and even pigs, had fattened upon the green tops of the scum from the boiling-house; while the meagre and sickly among the slaves recovered their looks rapidly while they had free access to the nourishing juice which oozed from the mill. The abundance of food more than made up for the increase of labor; and the slaves, while more hardly worked than ever, seemed to mind it less, and to wear a look of cheerfulness sufficiently rare at other seasons.

There was less apparent enjoyment to all parties at the time of gathering in the coffee, though it was a sight not to be missed by a stranger. The slaves could not grow fat upon the fruit of the coffee-tree as upon the juice of the cane; but as there was an extra allowance of food in consideration of the extra labor, the slaves went through it with some degree of willingness. The weather was oppressively hot, too; but Mary found it as tolerable in the shade of the walks as in the house. She sat there for hours, under a large umbrella, watching the slaves, as each slowly filled the canvas bag hung round his neck, and kept open by a hoop. She followed them with her eyes when they sauntered from the trees to

the baskets to empty their pouches, and then back again to the trees; and listened to the rebukes of the overseer when he found unripe fruit among the ripe.

"I am sure," said she to her father one day, "I should come in for many a scolding if I had to pick coffee to-day. If the heat makes us faint as we lie in the shade, what must it be to those who stand in the sun from morning till night! I could not lift a hand, or see the difference between one berry and another."—"Blacks bear the heat better than we do," observed Mr. Bruce. "However, it is really dreadfully sultry to-day. I have seldom felt it so much myself, and I believe the slaves will be as glad as we when night comes."—"The little puffs of air that leave a dead calm," said Mary, "only provoke one to remember the steady breeze we did not know how to value when we had it. I should not care for a thunder-storm if it would bring coolness."—"Would not you? You little know what thunder-storms are here."—"You forget how many we had in the spring."—"Those were no more like what we shall have soon, than a June night-breeze in England is like a January frost-wind. You may soon know, however, what a Demerara thunder-storm is like."

Mary looked about her as her father pointed, and saw that the face of nature was indeed changed. She had mentioned a thunder-storm, because she had heard the overseer predict the approach of one. There was a mass of clouds towering in a distant quarter of the Heavens, not like a pile of snowy peaks, but now rent apart and now tumbled together, and bathed in a dull, red light. The sun, too, looked large and red, while the objects on the summits of the hills wore a bluish cast, and looked larger and nearer than usual. There was a dead calm. The pigeon had ceased her cooing; no parrots were showing off their gaudy plumage in the sunlight, and not even the hum of the enameled beetle was heard.

"What is the moon's age?" asked Mr. Bruce of the overseer. "She is full to-night, sir, and a stormy night it will be, I fear." He held up his finger. "Hark!" said Mary, "there is the thunder already."—"It is not thunder, my dear."—"It is the sea," said Louisa. "I never heard it here but once before; but I am sure it is the same sound."—"The sea at this distance!"—cried Mary. Her father shook his head, muttering, "God help all who are in harbor, and give them a breeze to carry them out far enough! The shore will be strewn with wrecks by the morning. Come, my dears, let us go home before yonder clouds climb higher."

The whites have not yet become as weather-wise, between the tropics, as the negroes; and both fall short of the foresight which might be attained, and which was actually possessed by the original inhabitants of these countries. A negro cannot, like them, predict a storm twelve days beforehand; but he is generally aware of its approach some hours sooner than his master. It depends upon the terms he happens to be on with the whites, whether or not he gives them the advantage of his observations.

Old Mark sent his daughter Becky to Mr. Bruce's house to deliver his opinion on the subject; but all were prepared. No such friendly

warning was given to the Mitchelsons, who, overcome with the heat, were, from the eldest to the youngest, lying on couches, too languid to lift up their heads or think of what might be passing out of doors. Cassius, meanwhile, was leaning over the gate of his provision ground watching the moon as she rose, crimson as blood, behind his little plantain grove. Every star looked crimson too, and had its halo like the moon. It was as if a bloody steam had gone up from the earth. Not a breath of air could yet be felt; yet here and there a cedar, taller than the rest, stooped and shivered on the summits of the hills: and the clouds, now rushing, now poised motionless, indicated a capricious commotion in the upper air. Cassius was watching with much interest these signs of an approaching tempest, when he felt himself pulled by the jacket. "May I stay with you?" asked poor Hester. "My master and mistress dare not keep at home because our roof is almost off already, and they think the wind will carry it quite away to-night."—"Where are they gone?"—"To find somebody to take them in; but they say there will be no room for me."—"Stay with me then; but nobody will be safe under a roof to-night, I think."—"Where shall we stay then?"—"Here, unless God call us away. Many may be called before morning."

The little girl stood trembling, afraid of she scarcely knew what, till a tremendous clap of thunder burst near, and then she clung to Cassius, and hid her face. In a few moments the gong was heard, sounding in the hurried irregular manner which betokens an alarm. "Aha!" cried Cassius. "The white man's house shakes and he is afraid." "What does he call us for?" said the terrified child. "We can do him no good."—"No; but his house is stronger than ours; and if his shakes, ours may tumble down, and then he would lose his slaves and their houses too. So let us go into the field where we are called, and then we shall see how pale white men can look."

All the way as they went, Hester held one hand before her eyes, for the lightning flashes came thick and fast. Still there was neither wind nor rain; but the roar of the distant sea rose louder in the intervals of the thunder. Cassius suddenly stopt short, and pulled the little girl's hand from before her face, crying, "Look, look, there is a sight!" Hester shrieked when she saw a whole field of sugar-canes whirled in the air. Before they had time to fall, the loftiest trees of the forest were carried up in like manner. The mill disappeared, a hundred huts were leveled; there was a stunning roar, a rumbling beneath, a rushing above. The hurricane was upon them in all its fury.

Cassius clasped the child round the waist, and carried rather than led her at his utmost speed beyond the verge of the groves, lest they also should be borne down and crush all beneath them. When he had arrived with his charge in the field whither the gong had summoned him, slaves were arriving from all parts of the plantation to seek safety in an open place. Their black forms flitting in the mixed light—now in the glare of the lightning, and now in the rapid gleams which the full moon cast as the clouds were swept away for a moment, might have seemed to a stranger

like imps of the storm collecting to give tidings of its ravages. Like such imps they spoke and acted. "The mill is down!" cried one. "No crop next year, for the canes are blown away!" shouted another. "The hills are bare as a rock, no coffee, no spice, no cotton! Hurrah!"—"But our huts are gone: our plantation grounds are buried," cried the wailing voice of a woman. "Hurra! for the white man's are gone too!" answered many mingled tones. Just then a burst of moonlight showed to each the exulting countenances of the rest, and there went up a shout, louder than the thunder, "Hurra! hurra! how ugly is the land!"

The sound was hushed, and the warring lights were quenched for a time by the deluge which poured down from the clouds. The slaves crouched together in the middle of the field, supporting one another as well as they could against the fury of the gusts which still blew, and of the tropical rains. An inquiry now went round where was Horner? It was his duty to be in the field as soon as the gong had sounded, but no one had seen him. There was a stern hope in every heart that his roof had fallen in and buried him and his whip together. It was not so, however.

After a while, the roaring of water was heard very near, and some of the blacks separated from the rest to see in what direction the irregular torrents which usually attend a hurricane were taking their course. There was a strip of low ground between the sloping field where the negroes were collected and the opposite hill, and through the middle of this ground a river rushed along where a river had never been seen before. A tree was still standing here and there in the midst of the foaming waters, and what had a few minutes ago been a hillock with a few shrubs growing out of it, was now an island. The negroes thought they heard a shout from this island, and then supposed it must be fancy; but when the cloudy rack was swept away and allowed the moon to look down for a moment, they saw that some one was certainly there, clinging to the shrubs, and in imminent peril of being carried away if the stream should continue to rise. It was Horner, who was making his way to the field when the waters overtook him in the low ground, and drove him to the hillock to seek a safety which was likely to be short enough. The waters rose every moment: and though the distance was not above thirty feet from the hillock to the sloping bank on which the negroes had now ranged themselves to watch his fate, the waves dashed through in so furious a current that he did not dare to commit himself to them. He called, he shouted, he screamed for help, his agony growing more intense, as inch after inch, foot after foot, of his little shore disappeared. The negroes answered his shouts very punctually; but whether the impatience of peril prompted the thought, or an evil conscience, or whether it were really so, the shouts seemed to him to have more of triumph than sympathy in them; and cruel as would have been his situation had all the world been looking on with a desire to help, it was dreadfully aggravated by the belief that the wretches whom he had so utterly despised were watching his struggles, and standing with folded arms to see how he would help himself when there was none to

help him. He turned and looked to the other shore; but it was far too distant to be reached. If he was to be saved, it must be by crossing the narrow gulley: and, at last, a means of doing so seemed to offer. Several trees had been carried past by the current; but they were all borne on headlong, and he had no means of arresting their course; but one came at length, a trunk of the largest growth, and therefore making its way more slowly than the rest. It tilted from time to time against the bank, and when it reached the island, fairly stuck at the very point where the stream was narrowest. With intense gratitude,—gratitude which two hours before he would have denied could ever be felt toward slaves—Horner saw the negroes cluster about the root of the tree to hold it firm in its position. Its branchy head seemed to him to be secure, and the only question now was, whether he could keep his hold on this bridge, while the torrent rose over it, as if in fury at having its course delayed. He could but try, for it was his only chance. The beginning of his adventure would be the most perilous, on account of the boughs over and through which he must make his way. Slowly, fearfully, but firmly he accomplished this, and the next glimpse of moonlight showed him astride on the bare trunk, clinging with knees and arms, and creeping forward as he battled with the spray. The slaves were no less intent. Not a word was spoken, not one let go, and even the women would have a hold. A black cloud hid the moon just when Horner seemed within reach of the bank; and what happened in that dark moment,—whether it was the force of the stream, or the strength of the temptation,—no lips were ever known to utter; but the event was, that the massy trunk heaved once over, the unhappy wretch lost his grasp, and was carried down at the instant he thought himself secure. Horrid yells once more arose, from the perishing man, and from the blacks now dispersed along the bank to see the last of him. "He is not gone yet," was the cry of one; "he climbed yon tree as if he had been a water-rat."—"There let him sit if the wind will let him," cried another. "That he should have been carried straight to a tree after all!"—"Stand fast! here comes the gale again!" shouted a third.

The gale came. The tree in which Horner had found refuge bowed, cracked,—but before it fell, the wretch was blown from it like a flake of foam, and swallowed up finally in the surge beneath. This was clearly seen by a passing gleam. "Hurra! hurra!" was the cry once more, "God sent the wind. It was God that murdered him, not we."

SOLECISMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE ROVER.

ONE morning I paid a visit to General Bouvier Deséclats, my friend and countryman.

I found him pacing the room in a state of great excitement, and crumpling a piece of paper in his hands which I took to be poetry.

"Here," said he, handing it to me; "give me your advice; you understand the business."

I took the paper, and glancing over it, was as-

tonished to find it a list of medicines that had been furnished him; that it was not as a poet that my advice was requested but as an adept in pharmacy.

"Ma foi! friend," said I, returning the paper, "you understand the nature of your own composition; the quantity has perhaps been somewhat exceeded, but why do you wear an embroidered coat, three marks of rank and a spinage seed hat? These are three aggravating circumstances which you will find it difficult to overcome."

"Hold your tongue, then," said he angrily; "I am in a horrible position; you will see my dun; I have sent for him; he will soon be here and I shall expect you to aid me."

He was still speaking, when the door opened; and a well dressed man of about fifty years of age entered; he was tall, and of a steady gait. His expression would have been considered severe, had it not been for a certain report existing between his eyes and mouth, which gave it a sardonic cast.

He approached the fire-place and refused to be seated. I was an auditor of the following dialogue which I still distinctly remember.

The General.—Sir, the note you have sent me is truly an apothecary's account, and—

The Man in Black.—Sir, I am not an apothecary.

General.—What are you then, sir.

Man in Black.—Sir, I am a pharmacopolist.

General.—Well, Mr. Pharmacopolist, your boy should have told you—

Man in Black.—Sir, I have no boy.

General.—Who then was that young man. . . ?

Man in Black.—Sir, he is my pupil.

General.—I wished to inform you, sir, that your drugs. . .

Man in Black.—I do not sell drugs.

General.—What do you sell then, sir?

Man in Black.—Sir, I sell medicaments.

Here ended the discussion; the General ashamed of the mistakes he had been guilty of, and of the slight knowledge he had acquired of pharmaceutical terms, became embarrassed, forgot what he was about to say, and paid the sum required.

T. J. S. JR.

DAVID DIP;

OR, THE PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

I BEGAN life in the humble capacity of a very respectable tallow-chandler, in Whitechapel, London, and carried on, for some time, a very snug trade. Besides families and chance customers, I furnished two hospitals with candles, and frequently had the honor to throw light on the many subjects of political speculation, which were agitated in a neighboring public-house. Things went on then, sir, exactly as they should do. My profits, if not great, were certain; and upon the word of a tallow-chandler, I declare they were honest, for I made a rule to stick to the trade price, and never refused, at Christmas, to give my customers' maids a few rushlights, in

order to show them how to play at *whisk* like their masters. As to politics, I went not a jot farther than the *Dayly Advertiser* enjoined me; and, like a good subject, I had a heartfelt satisfaction in the victories of my country, especially when they were so *great* as to require the aid of my trade to give them an additional brilliancy. My wife assisted me in my business, as a wife ought; and if any business called me from home, there was she behind the counter, and as attentive as myself. I kept one maidservant, and a boy to carry parcels. My two children had got such schooling as was thought proper for their expectations. I intended my son to succeed me in business; and, as for my daughter, she would have made an excellent house-wife, which is all, in my humble opinion, that tradesmen's daughters ought to be. I paid all parish rates with pleasure, and served parish offices so honestly, that I do not think I ate more than *two children* in all my time, which is saying a great deal. As to amusements, we never desired the expensive ones. Now and then, in very fine weather, I would treat my family to Sadler's Wells, or *Bar-naby* Spa, but as to trips to sea, we never went farther than Gravesend, and carrying our own provisions with us, and coming back by the next tide, you must allow all this was very moderate.

In this happy state things went on for some years. All was sun-shine and broad daylight; ay, and good broad humor at night with us. But happiness will have an end. There were many ups and downs in life. The devil is never tired of the many pranks he plays us poor honest folks. It happened one day, sir, that my wife received a hand-bill about the lottery, wrapped round an ounce of green tea, which we had bought to treat the curate of our parish with. What there was in this wicked bill, I do not now remember, but the woman would not rest until she had bought a ticket, or a share of one. I had not been used to contradict her, and perhaps the devil might enter into me at the same time, for I believe he generally prefers a whole family when he can get them. The ticket was bought, and I had been happy if it had proved a blank; but in a few days it was pronounced a hundred pound prize. A second ticket followed of course, and a third; and before the lottery had done drawing, I was master of five thousand pounds sterling money. This was a sum of which there is no mention in the records of our family for several generations; I seemed, indeed, born a great man without the help of ancestors.

But, alas! this was the beginning of sorrow and evils. My wife now declared war against all business, industry, and frugality; and, as it was by her advice I bought the ticket, she took the whole merit of our success out of the hands of dame Fortune, and insisted that we should lay out our money like people of fashion. People of fashion! these were her very words; and she added, likewise, that she must now see a little of the world, and metamorphose me and my children after her own way.

Would you believe it, sir? I cannot say that I was wholly against all this, because I could not help feeling how much more comfortable it is to have five thousand pounds, than to be dayly toiling to make up as many hundreds; but I de-

clare, that if it had not been for this money, I never should have thought of becoming a man of fashion, for I had no other notion of such at that time, than that they were persons who required *long credit*. But to proceed;—the first step my wife took, was to dispose of our stock in trade, and this was easily done, at the loss of about three hundred pounds, for we were very precipitate; and the buyers, knowing that we could not for shame's sake keep our stock on hand, resolved to ease us of it in the genteelst way possible; and I may truly say, for the first time in my life, that my candles were burnt at both ends. This being over, my wife discovered that there was something very pernicious in the air of Whitechapel, and determined to leave the place. My lease had fifteen years to run, and I soon got a tenant who agreed to pay me less than I was obliged to pay the landlord; but this was nothing to a man who, by the sale of his effects, had added a pretty handsome sum to the above five thousand.

After much consultation, (for we found the whims of people of fashion come very naturally) we hired a house in one of the streets near Palace-yard, because it was only 100*l.* a year rent, and was so *central* (as my wife called it) to the playhouses and the palace! By this you will learn, that she knew as much of the centre of the playhouses as she did about the circumference of our fortunes. But here, however, we sat down, and a discovery having been made, naturally enough I must say, that the furniture of our old house was not proper even for the servants' rooms of our new one, we employed an honest broker, who furnished us completely, from top to bottom, with every article in the newest taste. We had carpets which it was almost heresy to walk upon; chairs on which I dared not sit down without a caution, which deprived them of all ease; and tables which were screened, by strict laws, from the profane touch of a naked hand.

Our discoveries had now no end. We found that tea was not so hurtful to the nerves when drank out of a silver teapot, and some how or other, the milk and the sugar derived certain new qualities, from being contained in vessels of the same metal. I had saved some pounds of my best candles from the general sale, as I thought I could use my own goods cheaper than if I bought them of a stranger, who would of course treat me like a gentleman. But, lack-a-day! my wife's lungs were immediately so affected by the smell of the tallow, that I was obliged to consign my wares, the work of my own hands, to the use of the servants, and order wax lights in their place.

You have now seen me removed from Whitechapel to Palace-yard, my house new furnished in a fashionable style, as handsome and as useless as money could purchase. I had hopes I might now be at rest, and enabled to pursue my old plans, and was one night stepping out in search of some friendly public-house, where I might smoke my pipe as usual, and enjoy the luxury of talking politics, and eating a Welch rare-bit; but no such thing could be permitted. What! a man of my standing smoke tobacco! Smoking was a vulgar, beastly, unfashionable, vile thing. It might do very well for White ha-

pel, or the Tower Hamlets, but would not be suffered in any genteel part of the world. And, as for cheese, no cheese was fit to be brought to table but Parmesan, or perhaps a little Cheshire stewed in claret. "Fie, husband, how could you think of tobacco and Welch rare-bits? I am absolutely ashamed of you; at this rate we might as well have been living at Whitechapel."

To do my wife justice, however, as she deprived me of seeing company out of doors, she took care to provide me with a sufficient number of visitors. There were Misters and Mistresses, Masters and Misses, from all parts of St. Margaret's and St. John's parishes, none of which I had the smallest previous acquaintance with; but my wife always maintained, that seeing company was the mark of fashionable life, and things had proceeded now too far for me to raise objections. Indeed, one day drove another out of my head, and I began to be reconciled to fashionable life. I thought it mighty pleasant to have new furniture too good for use, and new acquaintances of no use at all; to drink wines which do not agree with one's stomach, and to eat of dishes which one does not know the use of. We had likewise our card parties, where my wife and I soon learned all the fashionable games. How we played I shall not say, but we discovered, in no long time, that it was not *Whitechapel play*.

My two children, you may suppose, did not escape the general metamorphosis; the boy was dispatched to Eton school, to be brought up with the children of other people of fortune, but the girl was kept at home to *see life*, and a precious life we led. The morning was the most innocent part of it, for we were then fast asleep; and yet, sir, you cannot think how difficult it was to cast off old customs, for I frequently awoke at six or seven o'clock, and would have got up, had not my wife reminded me that it was unfashionable, and asked, "What must the servants think?"—Ay, sir, and even she, with all her new quality, would sometimes discover the old leaven of Whitechapel. One night, when a lady said she believed it would rain, my wife answered, perhaps it *mought*. Another time, on seeing a great man go to the House of Lords, although she had with her at that moment one of the first people of fashion in the Broad Sanctuary, she exclaimed, "There's a go!"

Pride, however, will have a fall. Grandeur must one day or other expire in the socket. My wife was now seized with a very strange disorder, the nature of which I cannot better explain, than by saying, that she lost the use of both her feet and legs, and could not go out unless in a carriage. This was the more extraordinary, because, when at home, or even on a visit, she never could sit a minute in one place, but was perpetually running up and down. She threw out broad hints, therefore, that a carriage must be had, and a carriage therefore was procured; but mark the consequences, two servants were added to our former number. To be sure every body must have a coachman and footman. Our business was now, to use our homely phrase, "as good as done," and what little the town left, was fully accomplished by a visit to Brighton, and another to Tunbridge.

Here is a blank in my history, which I shall

fill up no otherwise than by informing you, that I took the advantage of an insolvent act, and by the assistance of some friends who did not desert me, when I deserted them, I am once more quietly set down in my old shop, completely cured of my violent fit of grandeur. I am now endeavoring to repair my affairs as well as I can, but I cannot hold my head so high. They are perpetually asking me at the club, "What my t'other end of the town friends would have said in such and such a case?" and as I go to church on Sundays, I sometimes hear the neighbors saying, "Ay, there goes the man that got the prize."

MUNGO MACAY,

THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

Of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking, of all the inveterate manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most notorious, the most systematically troublesome that ever I heard of, was Mungo Mackay, of the good town of Boston, in Massachusetts Bay. Others followed the sport as most men follow the hours or cultivate music, for recreation; but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it is the bye-play, with him it was the business of life. It was food and raiment for him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquility of his neighborhood; he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed life to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown up to man's estate, leaving him a comfortable independence; and from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the peace of the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelitic wit; for truly, "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," and the hand of every woman too from the River Charles to South Boston, and for many miles round the villages, by a semi-circle of which the ancient capital of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

It is not my intention to write the life of this eccentric individual, although I have read less amusing, and perhaps less instructive biographies than it would make; but I shall throw together a few of the many anecdotes of him that are scattered as profusely as plums in a good pudding, in the memories of those whose ancestors he delighted to torment. Pass we then over his juvenile days of pristine wickedness, over countless manifestations of precocious talents, that we may come without a further preface to a few of those exhibitions of ripened genius which prove him to have been a master of his art.

One cold raw November night in the year 18—, the wind blew, as though it would blow down old Fanueil Hall, and the rain fell in such torrents that Bunker Hill was nearly washed away. The sky was as black as "all round my hat!" and the air was compounded of that delightful admixture of frost and moisture, in which there is enough of the latter to open the pores, while the former goes directly to the heart. In the midst of this rumbling of the elements, a tall

figure might be seen winding stealthily along through narrow streets and lonely alleys, shod with a pair of fisherman's boots, and enveloped in a huge pea-jacket, for india rubbers and mackintoshes were unknown in those days, until it halted under the window of a lonely cottage, at some distance from the town, and, the family having been some time in bed, knocked violently at the door. At first his rude summons was unanswered; but, after repeated thumps, a bedroom window was thrown up, and a voice demanded who was there?

"Pray, sir," said Mackay—for it was he, "will you be kind enough to tell me if a person named Nutt lives in this neighborhood?"

"To be sure he does," replied the voice from the window; "he lives here."

"I am glad of that," said M., "for the night is very stormy, and I have something of great importance to communicate to him."

"Of great importance—of great importance, did you say? I know of nothing very important that can concern me at this hour of the night; but whatever it is, let me hear it. I am the person you want."

"Speak a little louder, if you please," said M., "I am somewhat deaf, and the spout makes such a noise. Did you say your name was Nutt?"

"Certainly I did; and I wish you would make haste and communicate whatever you have to say, for I have nothing on but my shirt and night cap, and the wind is whistling through me, nation cold."

"Have you got an uncle in Boston—childless, and very old—worth ten thousand dollars?"

At this question a long-pointed white night cap was thrust out of the window; and in an instant, that, together with the shirt-collar which followed, were saturated with rain. "What did you say about an uncle, and ten thousand dollars? There is my uncle Wheeler is very old, and very rich; but what of him?"

"Oh! nothing as yet, 'till I am certain of my man. There may be a good many Nutts about here. It is John Nutt I want."

"I am the man," said the voice in the night cap. "There is no mistake. There is not a man for twenty miles round of the same name of Nutt but me; and besides, my name is John; and I have an uncle in Boston." By this time the whole back and sleeves of the shirt were out of the window, the tassel at the end of the white night cap nearly touched the green palings in front of the house; and, had there been light enough to have seen, a painter might have caught an attitude of straining anxiety, and a face, or rather two faces, for by this time there was a female peering over Nutt's shoulder, beaming with the anticipation of good fortune to come.

"Well," said Mackay, very deliberately, "I suppose I may venture to speak out; but mind if there is any mistake, you cannot say it was my fault?"

"No, certainly not!" cried two voices from the window.

"You say your name is Nutt, do you?"

"I do."

"John Nutt?" "Yes."

"Well then, all that I have to say, is, *may the Devil crack you!*"

The two heads were drawn in like lightning from the rain; and as the window was slammed down with a violence that bespoke rage and disappointment, a loud horse laugh rose upon the wind, and the lover of practical jokes turned on his heel to trudge homeward through the mist, as the good woman inside was going in search of the tinder box to enable her to hunt up dry chemises, shirts and night caps.

This story was several years afterward done into verse, by a clever student of Harvard University; but all that I remember of the poetry are two concluding lines:

"And if your name be certainly John Nutt
Why, then the devil crack you."

Another of his tricks had very nearly broken a poor fellow's neck; but I verily believe that if it had, it would have been all the same to Mackay, who seemed to think that the whole human race had only been created for him to play pranks upon; or perhaps he quieted his conscience by the belief that the amusement afforded to the many, more than counterbalanced the annoyance, and sometimes actual pain, which he dealt out to the few.

Old Ben Russell, or Major Russell, as he was usually styled, was a tall, fine looking man, at that time in the prime of life, strong as Hercules, but with a good deal of the neatness of dress and polished manners of a gentleman of the old school. He had for many years owned and edited the Boston Centinel, and prided himself on two things—always having his paper out at a certain time, and always having in it the most exact and authentic intelligence. No man in the city could tell you so correctly the position of contending armies in the last European battles, or the points at issue in the latest continental negotiations. Ben Russell unfurled the map of the country upon the walls of his sanctum, as soon as they unfurled their banners in the field; and two pins, the one black and the other white, stuck through the map, served to mark the places at which they first entered the country or opened the campaign. Those pins shifted their position, and either advanced or returned as the belligerents changed their ground; and when any part of the main force was detached, a pin of a small size was seen to watch its march, and declare its operations. The editor by this simple contrivance could not only tell at a glance, by looking at his pins, where the armies were; but by tracing the holes which the pins had left behind them, could read you off from his maps, at the conclusion of a long war, the history of every campaign.

As this worthy, but somewhat fiery and dignified person, was bending over the last proof of his editorial columns, which contained a "leader" of some importance in his eyes, inasmuch as it gave the latest intelligence from France, and corrected an error in the Boston Gazette relative to the movements of General Demourier, a strange kind of clinking noise was heard at the foot of the long stair-case which led to the printing office at one end of which was Ben's sanctum, where he was examining the proof aforesaid. Nearer and nearer came the voice, as footsteps appeared to ascend the stair-case, clink, clink, clink! Everybody wondered what it was; the devil stopped scraping the ball, for rollers were

not dreamt of then, the compositors leaned on their left foot and left elbow—as compositors will when there is likely to be sport, and the pressman stood at the bank with the heap between his arms, and his ear turned toward the door. Ben Russell heard the noise upon the stair, and he noticed the kind of dead calm which had suddenly come over the printing office, at a moment too of all others, when he felt that everybody should be on the alert, in order that the “Centinel” might go to press. Ben liked neither the noise nor the silence; and as the clink, clink! came nearer and nearer, his choler rose with the cause of it, until just as it boiled up to his teeth, and was sure to flow over on somebody, a tall, raw-boned fellow with a stick over his shoulders, on which was slung a motley collection of small iron and wire gages, stalked into the office. To Ben Russell’s furious “What the devil do you want?” the itinerant worker in iron and wire deigned not any reply; but threw off from his back a load of ladders, screenes, flesh-forks, gridirons, and pot-covers, with as much coolness as if he had just entered his own cabin after a profitable day’s work. Ben stared at him with a gaze of mingled astonishment and vexation, as though he were a little doubtful whether the fellow’s strange behavior proceeded from impudence or ignorance; but time was precious. He interrogated him again, when the following dialogue ensued:

“What do you want fellow?”

“I’m no fellow, and, if I was, I wants nothing of you.”

“You impudent scoundrel! do you know whom you’re speaking to?”

“To be sure I do; you are Mr. Russell’s foreman, and a great man, I dare say, you think yourself when he’s out; but when he’s to home you sing small enough, I warrant! Now, you see I didn’t come up here without knowing something about you and your ways; for when your master bargained with me for my notions here, says he, “carry them up into my printing office,” pointing up here, “and wait ‘till I come to give you the money. And,” says he, “you’ll see my foreman up there,—a tall chap with his head powdered—a damed impertinent fellow; but don’t mind him—throw down your load, and take a chair;” and, as this speech was concluded, the imperturbable intruder sat down in the only spare seat there was in the office, crossed his legs, and began fumbling in a long, deep pocket for a piece of tobacco.

For two minutes there was silence, not in heaven, but from the queer name given to at least one of its inhabitants, in a place of a different description. Of the pressman and compositors it may be truly said that, struck with amazement at the fellow’s effrontery, “the boldest held his breath for a time;” while the devil skulked in behind an old stair-case, that he might be out of harm’s way in the row which he knew was to come.

Like most proud and irritable men, Russell was for a moment thrown off his guard by such an unexpected attack upon the sanctity of his roof, and the dignity he had always maintained in the eyes of his people. He sprang to his feet, but for a brief space stood staring at the wire-worker with eyes that, if they had been “basilisks,”

would certainly have ‘struck him dead.’ One, two, three bounds, and Ben had the tall man by the throat, and would have dashed his brains out upon the floor; but Jonathan saw him coming, braced his right foot, firmly advanced his left, and was not to be taken by surprise. The death struggle between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu was nothing to it; to and fro, and round and round they went, sometimes tumbling over the miscellaneous ornaments which are to be found in a printing office, and occasionally upsetting a galley of matter, or kicking their heels through a standing form. The workmen would have interfered; but their master’s blood was up, and, with the chivalry of that profession to which his leisure hours were devoted, he wanted no odds against a single opponent.

The combatants were well matched; but Ben had a perfect knowledge of the ground, which gave him the advantage: so that, often upsetting the countryman over sundry type-boxes and paper heaps, with the exact localities of which he was familiar, he succeeded in pushing him through the door, with his back against a stout wooden railing, which protected the landing-place from those flights of stairs up which Jonathan had wound so recently, unconscious of the prospect before him of a much more rapid descent. To pitch each other over the banisters was now the *coup-de-main* to be achieved. Ben had got the fellow’s spine twisted, and his head and shoulders overhanging the stair-case; but Jonathan had hold of his collar with both hands; and, besides, had his long legs twisted around the small of his back. They had wrestled in this way for five minutes, and the wire-worker’s strength was beginning to fail, from the twisting of his back-bone over the rail, when just as his legs began to fail, and his grasp to relax, and as Ben was preparing for one mighty effort, by which the victory was to be secured, a horrible horse-laugh—something between a real guffaw and a yell, struck upon his ear; and looking through the window in front of him, he saw Mungo Mackay at the window of the Exchange Coffee House opposite, shaking his sides as though there were a whole volcano under his midriff. In an instant Ben understood the trick. “That infernal fellow Mackay,—by heavens I’ll cowhide him within an inch of his life,” he exclaimed as he drew Jonathan in from his dangerous position where he hung, and stood him on his feet. But Russell was too good a fellow to bear malice long; and moreover he was so rejoiced that he had not committed homicide, in addition to making himself ridiculous, that, after a few hours, his resentment passed off, and to the day of his death he was never tired of telling the story.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new lights or blue lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston—though after he is gone, the people may relapse into their quiet Unitarian paths, still they have no objections to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion; and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay him the compliment of hearing what he has to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of

those wandering theological meteors blazing round Boston, and the people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten-cent pieces, and York shillings, to drop into the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the quiet possession of pews for which the owners had paid, were entirely broken down; everybody took that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to church by times, took his seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended, with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity, down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love,—upon the beauty of universal benevolence or the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place:" the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had by strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of the female friends were not slow to observe this; for, in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling which he exhibited, his face was rather a handsome one. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow,—after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay, in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan seeming to rejoice in the first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, Mackay looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she would,

as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seemed always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cut water; but the moment that it was enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what was the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom, being so intent upon her object, or confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in the church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place—"nods and becks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given amid stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good-looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious, nor the smiles of the mirthful; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat-pocket for his gloves. Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come; for Mackay, having drawn them on, and opened the pew door, and bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear, "*Is it not madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine-looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snout as you have?*"

THE CHANGE.

I.

We have gathered lilies oft
On those old green garden walks,
And our hands most lovingly
As we tied the stalks
Round and round with limber willow,
Underneath the hawthorn bough—
There thou linger'st with another
And I'm forgotten now.

II.

We ne'er parted sorrowless,
Or met without a smile of yore—
Though we never spoke our love,
We but felt it more.
'Twould have seemed precaution useless
For hearts like ours to breathe one vow—
Yet all that thou wast then to me
Thou'rt to another now.

GORDON CASTLE.

GORDON CASTLE, the subject of our engraving in this week's number of the Rover, is proverbially known, *par excellence*, as the palace of the North: and, certainly, no subject of the British crown was more splendidly lodged than its late noble proprietor, the duke of Gordon. The structure is of light colored stone, and of extraordinary dimensions, particularly in length. The main body of the building is connected on either side by two straight arcades, each running one hundred and twenty feet clear to the eye, and terminating at two wings of domestic offices, each sixty feet long. The whole front is crowned with battlements. The accessory parts are depressed in beautiful symmetry, and in subordination to the body, which, in turn, is again surmounted by a massive Saxon tower, rising in lofty state behind it—a relic of the ancient castle of the Gordons. The effect of this combination is grand and imposing, and offers the highest proof of the genius by which the architect was enabled to plan, and carry into completion, this gorgeous undertaking.

The plantations and pleasure-grounds by which this princely mansion is surrounded, are beautiful in the extreme, and kept up with minute and unremitting attention. Such an elysium as this, in the midst of a rugged and mountainous country, and on the very site of a former morass, is a creation which speaks loudly in the praise of human enterprise, and the judicious employment of those resources which are never better expended than in giving encouragement to talent, and inculcating habits of industry among the poor.

The fine old timber flanking the venerable avenues, and throwing its umbrageous shadows over the scene, produces a magnificent effect. One tree in particular—a huge lime behind the castle—measures eighteen feet in girth, and covers with its drooping branches an area of two hundred feet. The trees which most prevail in these grounds—forming a walled park of thirteen hundred acres—are limes, horse-chesnuts, and walnuts.

The flower and fruit gardens alone occupy about twelve acres, with a fine piece of water in the centre, where the lordly swan takes his cruise of pleasure. The surrounding forest, of vast extent, and spreading over all the mountain, abounds in red deer and roe. Through this pine-clad wilderness, the great road to the south winds for several miles. It is almost superfluous to add, that every thing in the interior of this sumptuous mansion is arranged with corresponding taste and magnificence. It has now descended to the duke of Richmond, heir to the late duke of Gordon, whose name, while marquess of Huntley, was so familiar among those of the early friends and companions of George IV. His loss has been severely felt and lamented in the country where he resided with such princely munificence, and where the rites of hospitality were exercised with unbounded liberality. It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, that no visitor ever left Gordon Castle without carrying with him a most elevated sense of what is meant by a true "Highland welcome."

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

¶ We have received two letters with enclosed receipts for one dollar, for one year's subscription to the Rover, with steel plate and cover. We cannot account for the misunderstanding. Our terms have been plainly enough published on the last page. We can only send it for six months, and if that is not enough in all conscience, what shall we do? However, if we prosper, we are in hopes soon to be enabled to give our magazine away, with an annual New Year's present as an extra.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We are compelled to lay over J. H. B.'s article until next week. "The Moon He made to Shine by Night," is accepted.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—A red cross, marked on the margin of the last page will be a notification to such of our subscribers whose term of subscription expires with the close of this volume.

PROSPECTUS.

At the conclusion of the present volume, which will end on the 13th September, we shall drop the name of the ROVER, and adopt that of the

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

It is the intention of the subscribers to make the work an elegant companion for the parlor and boudoir of the most refined and polite readers.

As a LADY'S MAGAZINE, its moral tone will be unexceptionable, while it will be the aim of the publishers to make its pages entertaining and instructive. It will embody Tales, Poetry, Romance, Historical and Traditional Sketches of all Countries, Local Sketches, &c., and, at times, be humorous without being offensive—satirical without being personal.

As a GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, it will be found the welcome companion of a leisure hour—drawing the mind from the anxiety of business to the study of humanity—lifting thought and the heart from the smileless Valley of Care.

Great pains will be taken with the illustrations, which will be prepared expressly for this work—no second-hand plate being given in any instance. The steel engravings will come from the establishment, and be under the superintendence of A. L. DICK; and the illustrations on wood, which will be very elegant, will be executed in a superior manner by J. W. MORSE, both gentlemen ranking high in their respective departments of Art.

We shall publish it weekly, as at present, and each number will contain besides, other elegant illustrations woven into the letter press,

A BEAUTIFUL NEW ENGRAVING ON STEEL, got up expressly for the work, accompanied by descriptive text.

The first number of the Illustrated Magazine will be issued on the 20th September, instant, and will be sent to agents on the usual terms. Single copies 6 cents.

¶ The plate edition, without stitching, can go in the mail at newspaper postage. This is a great advantage over the monthlies. Our terms of subscription will be as follows:

With steel plate and cover, \$2 00 a year, in advance;

Without the plate and cover—simply the sheet containing the reading matter and wood illustrations—\$1 00 a year, in advance.

Commission to agents, procuring yearly subscribers who pay in advance, 20 per cent., or the sixth copy gratis.

PRINCIPAL AGENTS IN NEW YORK.—Burgess, Stringer & Co., corner of Broadway and Ann street; Tuttle & Dexter, 30 Ann street; W. Taylor, 2 Astor House; and Graham, Tribune Buildings, 158 Nassau street.

ROBINSON & CO.,
123 FULTON-ST., NEW YORK.

¶ We will exchange with country papers that copy the above, and refer to it editorially.